

Sunny Bank Farm

BY FLOYD LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

When I awoke next morning I heard the large raindrops pattering against the window, and on pushing aside the curtain I saw that the dark, heavy clouds betokened a dull, rainy day. Involuntarily, I thought of the old garret at home, where, on such occasions, we always resorted, "raising Cain generally," as Sally said; and when, with umbrella, blanket shawl, and overshoes, I started for school, I looked and felt forlorn indeed. Raining as it was, it did not prevent Mrs. Ross from coming out with the tablespread over her head to tell me that "though she never want an atom particular, and never meant to interfere with teachers, as she knew just what it was, she did hope I'd give Isick the seat, and not be partial to George Randall."

When I reached the school house I found George transferring his books to another part of the room, at the same time telling Isaac "he could have the disputed seat if he wanted it." With the right kind of training and influence Isaac would have been a fine boy, for there were in his disposition many noble traits of character, and when he saw how readily George gave up the seat, he refused to take it, saying "he didn't care where he sat—one place was as good as another."

That day was long and dreary enough. Not more than half the children were there, and I found it exceedingly tiresome and monotonous sitting in that hard, splint-bottomed chair, and telling Emma Fitch and Sophia Brown, for the hundredth time, that the round letter was "O" and the crooked one "S." The scholars, too, began to grow noisy, and to ask me scores of useless questions. Their lessons were half learned; and if I made a suggestion, I was quickly informed that their former teacher didn't do so. Before night homesickness began to creep over me, and had it not been for the mud I should probably have footed it to Sunny Bank. Just before school was out, a little boy cried to go home, and this was the one straw too many. Hastily dismissing the scholars, I turned toward the window, and my tears fell as fast as did the rain in the early morning.

"The schoolman's cryin', she is. I saw her" circulated rapidly among the children, who all rushed back to ascertain the truth for themselves. "I should think she would cry," said one of the girls to her brother. "You've acted ugly enough to make anybody cry; and if you don't behave better to-morrow, Jim Maxwell, I'll tell mother!"

After the delivery of this speech, the entire group moved away, leaving me alone; and sure am I there was never a more homesick child than was the one who, with her head lying upon the desk, sat there weeping in that low, dirty school room, on that dark, rainy afternoon. Where now was all the happiness I had promised myself in teaching? Alas! it was rapidly disappearing, and I was just making up my mind to leave the ridicule of Sunny Bank and give up my school at once, when a hand was laid very gently on my shoulder, and a voice partially familiar said:

"What's the matter, Rosa?" So absorbed was I in my grief that I had not heard the sound of footsteps, and with a start of surprise I looked up and met the serene, handsome eyes of Doctor Clayton. He had been to visit a patient, and was on his way home when, seeing the door ajar, he had come in, hoping to find me there; "but I did not expect this," he continued, pointing to the tears on my cheek. "What is the matter? Don't the scholars behave well, or are you homesick?"

"At this question I began to cry so violently that the doctor, after exhausting all his powers of persuasion, finally laid his hand soothingly on my rough, tangled curls ere I could be induced to stop. Then, when I told him how disappointed I was, and how I wished I had never tried to teach, and how I meant to give it up, he talked to me so kindly, so brother-like, still keeping his hand on my shoulder, where it had fallen when I lifted up my head, that I grew very calm, thinking I could stay in that gloomy room forever if he were only there! He was, as I have said before, very handsome, and his manner was so very fascinating, and his treatment of me so much like what I fancied Charlie's would be, were he a grown-up man and I a little girl, that I began to like him very, very much, thinking then that my feeling for him was such as a child would entertain for a father, for I had heard that he was twenty-seven, and between that and thirteen there was, in my estimation, an impassable gulf.

"I wish I had my buggy here," he said at last, "for then I could carry you home. You'll wet your feet, and you ought not to walk. Suppose you ride in my lap; but no," he added, quickly, "you'd rot, for Mrs. Thompson and Mother Ross would make it a neighborhood talk."

There was a wicked look in his eye as he said this, and I secretly wondered if he entertained the same opinion of Dell that he evidently did of her sister. At length, shaking my hand, he bid me good-bye, telling me that the examining committee had placed me and my school in his charge, and that he should probably visit me officially on Thursday of the following week. Like a very foolish child, I watched him until a turn in the road hid him from view, and then, with a feeling I could not analyze, I started for my boarding place, thinking that if I gave up my school I should wait until after Thursday.

In the doorway, with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and her hair, as she herself said, "at sixes and sevens," was Mrs. Ross, who, after informing me that "it had been a desput rainy day," asked "if I knew whether Doctor Clayton had been to Captain Thompson's?"

There was no reason why I should blush at this question, but I did, though my embarrassment fortunately concealed the fact from my interrogator, who, without waiting for an answer, continued:

"He drove past here about fifteen minutes ago, and I guess he's been sparkin' Dell."

"How you talk! Isick never said a word about it!" was Mrs. Ross's exclamation, the black expression of her face growing still more blank when I told her that he did not come until the scholars were gone.

"You two been there all sole alone since four o'clock? I'll give up now! I hope Dell Thompson won't find it out, for she's awful slanderous; but," she added, coming to the gate and speaking in a whisper, "I'm blud on't, and mebbe she'll draw in her horns if she finds that some of the 'under crust,' as she calls 'em,' can be noticed by Doctor Clayton as well as herself."

Equivoical as this compliment was, it gratified me; and from that moment I felt a spirit of rivalry toward Dell Thompson. Still I did not wish her to know of Doctor Clayton's call, and so I said to Mrs. Ross, who replied:

"You needn't be an atom afraid of my talkin'. I know too well what 'tis to be a schoolmarm and have the hull destrict peekin' at you. So if you've anything you want kept, I'm the one; for I can be still as the grave. Did the doctor say anything about Dell? But he didn't, I know, and 'tain't likely he said anything about anybody."

I replied that he talked with me about my school, and then as I heard the clock strike six, I walked along, looking back, as I entered Mr. Randall's gate, I saw Mrs. Ross's old plaid shawl and brown bonnet disappearing over the hill as fast as her feet could take them, but I had no suspicion that her destination was Captain Thompson's. I did not know the world then as well as I do now, and when the next morning I met Dell Thompson, who stared at me insolently, while a haughty sneer curled her lip, I had no idea that she was jealous of me, little Rosa Lee, whose heart was lighter, and whose task seemed far easier on account of Doctor Clayton's past and promised visit.

Saturday night came at last, and very joyfully I started home on foot, feeling not at all burdened with the compliments of my patrons or the esteem of my pupils. Oh, what a shout was raised at the shortness of my three weeks as I entered our sitting room! All laughed at me except my mother. She was not disappointed, and when I drew Carrie's little rocking chair to her side, and told her how hard my head was aching, she laid her soft hand caressingly upon my brow, and gently smoothing my short curls, bathed my forehead in camphor until the pain was gone. Had there been no one present but our own family, I should probably have cried; but owing to some untoward circumstance, Aunt Sally Wright was there visiting that afternoon, and as a teacher I felt obliged to maintain my dignity before her plying eyes. Almost her first salutation to me was:

"Was, Rosa, so you've grown old since you left home?" "I don't understand what you mean," I answered.

"Why, I mean," said she, "that somebody told me that Mrs. Green told them, that Major Pond's wife told her, that Mary Downes said that Nancy Rice heard Miss Cap'n Thompson say that you told Doctor Clayton you was sixteen!"

I knew that the subject of my age had not come up between me and the doctor, but it was useless to deny a story so well authenticated, so I said nothing, and Aunt Sally continued: "They do say you thrash 'em round about right," while mother asked "who Doctor Clayton was?"

"Why, he's a young pill peddler, who's taken a shine to Rosa, and stayed with her alone in the school house until pitch dark," said Aunt Sally, her little green eyes twinkling with the immense satisfaction she felt.

By this I knew that she had Pine Hill as well as Sunny Bank upon her hands, and, indeed, 'twas strange how much Aunt Sally did manage to attend to at once; for, besides keeping her son and wife continually fretted, and her daughter constantly quarreling with her husband, by her foolish interference, there was scarcely a thing transpired in the neighborhood in which she did not have a part.

The next day was the Sabbath, and if at church I did not and then cast a surly glance at the congregation, to see if they were looking at me because I was a "schoolmarm," it was a childish vanity which I have long since forgiven. Among the audience was our minister's young bride, and when, after church, he introduced her to me, saying, "This is Rosa, who, I told you, was only thirteen and teaching school," I felt quite reconciled to my lot, and thought that after all it was an honor to be a teacher.

CHAPTER VI.

Very slowly passed the days of my second week, for my mind was constantly dwelling upon the important Thursday, which came at last, and with more than usual care, I dressed myself for school, sporting a pale blue-and-white muslin, which mother said I must wear only on great occasions. I at noon went down to a clear spring in the woods, and there gave a few smoothing touches to my toilet. On my return to the school house I requested one of the larger girls to sweep the floor as clean as she possibly could, while two or three of the boys were sent after some green boughs to hang over the windows.

"I'll bet we are going to have company," I thought so this morning when I see the schoolmarm all dressed up," whispered one to another.

In a few minutes the fact that Doctor Clayton was coming was known both in doors and out, and when I saw how fast John Thompson took himself home after learning the news, I involuntarily felt as if some evil were impending—a presentiment which proved correct, for not long after school commenced there came a gentle rap at the outer door, which caused a great straightening up among the scholars, and brought me instantly to my feet, for I supposed, of course, he had come.

What, then, was my surprise when, instead of him, I met a haughty looking young lady, who, frowning majestically upon me, introduced herself as "Miss Thompson," saying she had come to visit the school.

I had never before had so good a view of her, and now, when I saw how dignified she appeared, and that there really was in her manner something elegant and refined, I not only felt myself greatly her inferior, but I fancied that Doctor Clayton would also observe the difference between us when he saw us together. After offering her the seat of honor—the splint-bottomed chair—I proceeded with my duties as composedly as possible. When I cast a wistful glance over the long hill, she said: "You seem to be constantly on the lookout. Are you expecting any one?"

Involuntarily my eyes sought hers, but I quailed beneath their quizzical expression, and scarcely knowing what I said, replied, "No, ma'am," repenting the falsehood the moment it was uttered, and half resolving to confess the truth, when she rejoined, "Oh, I thought you were," while at the same moment a little girl, who had been asleep, rolled from her seat, bumping her head, and raising such an outcry that for a time I forgot what I had said, and when it again recurred to me I thought it was too late to rectify it. Slowly the afternoon dragged on, but it brought no Doctor Clayton; and when, at a quarter of four, I called up my class of Abecedarians to read, with the lie and the disappointment, my heart was so full that I could not force back all the tears which struggled so fiercely for egress, and when it came Willie Randall's turn to read, two or three large drops fell upon his chubby hand, and, looking in my face, he called out in a loud, distinct voice, "You're cryin', you be?"

This, of course, brought a laugh from all the scholars, in which I was fain to join, although I felt greatly chagrined that I should have betrayed so much weakness before Dell Thompson, who, in referring to it when school was out, said "she supposed I wanted to see my mother—or somebody!"

That night Mrs. Ross called at Mrs. Randall's, and after sitting awhile, asked me "to walk a little piece with her." I saw there was something on her mind, and conjecturing that it might have some connection with me, I obeyed willingly. Twisting my sleeve when we were outside the gate, Mrs. Ross asked if "it were true that I cried because Doctor Clayton didn't come as he promised."

"Why, what do you mean?" I said. "To which she replied by telling me that she just ran into Cap'n Thompson's a minute or two, when, who should she find there but Doctor Clayton, and when Dell told him she'd been to visit the school, he said, 'Ah, indeed; I was intending to do so myself this afternoon, but I was necessarily detained by a very sick patient.'"

"That explains why she cried so," said Dell, and then, continued Mrs. Ross, "she went on to tell him how you looked out of the window, and when she asked you if you expected anybody, you said 'No,' and then at last you cried right out in the school."

"The mean thing!" I exclaimed. "Did she tell Doctor Clayton that?" "Yes, she did," answered Mrs. Ross; "and it made my blood boil to hear her go on makin' fun of you—that is, kind er makin' fun." The doctor laughed, and said it was too bad to disappoint you if it affected you like that, but he couldn't help it."

I hardly knew at which I was most indignant, Doctor Clayton or Dell, and when I laid my aching head on my pillow, my last thoughts were that "if Doctor Clayton ever did come to the school I'd let him know I didn't care for him—he might have Dell Thompson and welcome!"

I changed my mind, however, when, early the next afternoon, the gentleman himself appeared to vindicate his cause, saying he was sorry that he could not have kept his appointment, adding, as he finally relinquished my hand, "You had company, though, I believe; and so, on the whole, I am glad I was detained, for I had rather visit you alone."

Much as I now esteem Doctor Clayton, I do not hesitate to say that he was then a male flirt, a species of mankind which I detest. He was the handsomest, most agreeable man I had ever seen, and by some strange fascination, he possessed the power of swaying me at his will. This he well knew, and hence the wrong he committed by working upon my feelings. Never passed hours more agreeably to me than did those of that afternoon. And I even forgot that I was to go home that night, and that in all probability father would come for me as soon as school was out, thus preventing the quiet talk alone with Doctor Clayton, which I so much desired; so when, about four o'clock, I saw the head of old Sorrel appearing over the hill, my emotions were not particularly pleasant, and I wished I had not been so foolish as to insist upon going home every week. The driver, however, proved to be Charlie, and this in a measure consoled me, for he, I knew, was good at taking hints, and would wait for me as long as I desired; so I welcomed him with a tolerably good grace, introducing him to Doctor Clayton, who addressed him as Mr. Lee, thereby winning his friendship at once and forever.

When school was out and the scholars gone, I commenced making preparations for my departure, shutting down the windows and piling away books slowly and deliberately, while Charlie, who seemed in no hurry, amused himself by whipping at the thistle-tops which grew near the door. At last Doctor Clayton, turning to him, said, "And so you have come to carry your sister home, when I was promising myself that pleasure?"

Charlie glanced at my face, and his expression, doubtless, prompted his answer: "You can do so now, if you choose, for I like to ride alone."

Of course I disclaimed against such an arrangement, but my objections were overruled, and almost before I knew what I was doing, I found myself seated in Doctor Clayton's covered buggy, with him at my side. Telling Charlie "not to be surprised if he did not see us until sunset," he drove off in a different direction from Sunny Bank, remarking to me that "it was a fine afternoon for riding, and he meant to enjoy it."

I hardly knew whether he had any object in passing Captain Thompson's; but he certainly did so, bowing graciously and showing his white teeth to Dell, who, from a window, looked haughtily down upon me. The sight of her naturally led him to speak of her, and much to my surprise, he asked me how I liked her. I could not answer truthfully and say "very well," so I replied that "I hardly knew her. She was very fine-looking, and I presumed she was very intelligent and accomplished."

"You are a good-hearted little girl, Rosa," said he, "to speak thus of her. Do you suppose she would do the same by you if asked a similar question?"

"Oh, no," I answered, eagerly; "she couldn't say I was fine-looking. Nobody ever said that."

"If I should tell you that I think you better looking than Dell Thompson, what would you say?" he asked, looking under my bonnet, while, with glowing cheeks, I turned my head away, and replied, "I am sure you would not mean it. I know I am ugly; but I do not care so much about it now as I used to."

HAND OF MONEY HANDLER.

Velvety Fingers Not Common Among Men in His Line of Business.

"Look at my hands," said a man as he drifted into the office of a well-known business man, and as he said it he stretched his fingers out to their full length, exposing the palms of his hands. The insides of his hands were very rough. That was exactly what he wanted to call attention to.

"Do you see these crusty formations," he continued, "these corns and bunions and knots and other things of that sort? Look at 'em." He still held his hands open for inspection. "Do you know where I got 'em?" he asked. "Splittin' wood," answered the fellow with rusty hands. "Maulin' rails," ventured the man again. "Nope," was the short reply of the man with the heavy hands. "Pullin' a cross-cut saw," suggested the man as a last resort, but he was wrong again. "Well, how on earth did you get 'em, then?" he asked with a show of impatience. "Handlin' money," was the man's reply, and he smiled at the look of disgust and incredulity which spread over the face of the man he was talking to. "Yes, sir; I got all these corns and bunions and knots and other rough things which you see on my hands by handling money. You see, I work for a traction company and have to handle and sort all the money of the company. A great deal of the money is in small denominations and we handle it in bags and packages of various sizes. There is so much of it that a fellow's hands soon become hard on the inside and gradually grow into the knobby condition which you find mine in at this time. You can bet that handling money is not the soft and velvety business it is generally supposed to be. The association of soft white hands with the business of handling money is dead wrong, and if any man doubts what I say about it I simply ask him to step up and take a look at my hands."

And the money handler with the rough hands blew out as suddenly as he had blown in.—Boston Post.

LEGACY IN CIGAR BOX.

Twenty Years After Death of Legatee's Uncle It Is Discovered. Ten \$20 gold pieces, glued to the bottom of a cigar box, formed the legacy left to Robert C. Herron of 1612 Arch street, Philadelphia, by an uncle more than twenty years ago, but which only reached Herron last week.

During all the years the treasure lay undiscovered in a drawer of an old desk and the Herron family were convinced that, though remembering all his other relatives, the uncle had forgotten his nephew. A few days ago, however, some one chanced to open the cigar box while rummaging through the desk, and the nephew received his portion of his uncle's fortune.

Herron's uncle lived at Southbridge, Mass., and at his death, twenty years ago, left a property, which he in his will divided as equally as possible among his nieces and nephews. Much to the surprise of the family, Robert, who had always been a favorite with the old man, was entirely ignored. It now appears that the uncle had wished to be particularly liberal to him and had put away his share in gold, which was very scarce at that time. Afraid to trust it to the banks, he glued the coins to the bottom of the cigar box, putting in a note saying that this was to be Robert's share of his fortune.

It was in this strange form, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, that Herron, after twenty years, received his legacy.

An Egg of the Great Auk.

Recently at an auction sale in London which was judiciously advertised, an egg of the great auk was put up which after some lively bidding was knocked down for \$1,200. That is said to be a very good price. But auk eggs have been sold in London for as much as \$1,500. The reason for these enormous prices is naturally to be found in the scarcity of the egg. The bird is extinct, and not over seventy of its eggs are in existence.

Electricity in Dentistry.

Electricity is taking the place of gas and ether in dental extraction. The current, which is of the form called high frequency, is applied to the jaw where the operator desires to render it insensible by means of a heat apparatus, and the patient feels nothing more than a slight heating of the affected part. This method is much safer than gas, cocaine and other anesthetics.

Economy of Railways.

The United States has 200,000 miles of railways upon which there are 548 employes for each 100 miles. The cost of operating these roads with steam power is \$502,800,000 a year, but to carry on the same amount of work with men and horses would cost the country \$11,308,500,000.

Lazy.

"Perkasie is a very lazy man," said Triplett to Twynn.

"Is he?"

"Yes; he won't even let his friends work him."—Detroit Free Press.

When a boy owns a stray dog, he says he picked it up on the streets a few days after a dog show left town.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

RECENT ONES ARE FREE FROM "SPORTY" MODELS.

Mannish Types Are Seen but Seldom—Demand for Severity Comes as Pretext Against Elaborateness in Get-Ups—Notes on Latest Fashions.

New York correspondence:



PRETTY much all of recent stylish tailoring has been free from sporty models. The "horsy" woman and mannish types have been seen, of course, but have gone as expressions of individual and somewhat eccentric taste. Throughout the entire field of fine tailoring there has been more or less acknowledgment of the value of decorative fancies. These standards will hold, probably, until a general change-about in mode, but sops are thrown now and then to admirers of masculine finish, and one of these has just appeared. It consists of a suit of three-quarters length coat and skirt barely clearing the ground. Black and white shepherd plaid is their material, and the



finish is of the severest. Some are strapped down every seam. They afford a chance for the would-be sporty looking crowd, but some of the consequences are amusing, for women who haven't a look of self-reliance, with some swagger, look comically unsuited to such gowns. Though the suits look simple, their fit must be perfect, and their cost is high. As worn, they're always fastened, no suggestion of light, soft waist showing.

The demand for severe gowns comes from the search for an offset to the elaborate dress-ups. But average taste is such that not a great many women who can afford the beautiful elaborations of

she could afford. Like tempters she'll find on every side of her in the stores. Wash materials take on renewed attractiveness with every fresh installment received in the stores, and if a woman feels that she must not buy more summer goods, she should avoid the stores, for the displays are so tempting as to prove irresistible. And it is surprising how fast money flies in summer goods. Panama weaves are pretty and serviceable, as they are firm enough to launder beautifully. Many gowns in this weave come in embroidered pattern dresses. Those in the whites are especially pretty. The supply of linens is fine, and an occa-



ional new weave, such as the China grass linens, show that the supply is not yet exhausted. Wash gowns shown as models make the shopper wonder how successfully they'll wash, this because of their elaborateness and the delicacy of their materials. Common prudence suggests limiting purchases in this field to entirely reliable stores, and careful consideration beforehand of goods and should be a new difficulty. A pretty summer hat is in place in the concluding one of these pictures. It was an embroidered green weave, was trimmed with darker green cord and had a silk belt.

There's one great trouble with the immense snake ostrich feathers—they add tremendously to a hat's cost. It is said dipped laces have not the greatest vogue because they wear abominably.

WASH GOWN AND TAILOR SUIT.